

THE
COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL
AND
EDUCATIONAL REFORMER.

NEW SERIES.

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VOL. XIV. BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1852. NO. 3.

**THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE, IN ITS BEARING
UPON GENERAL EDUCATION.**

In his late Annual Message to the Legislature, Governor Boutwell uses the following language.

"Our own government had its foundation in general intelligence, and has been preserved by a *universal* system of education. The last returns (1851) show that the people of this State raised, by taxation, the sum of 915,000 dollars for the support of schools, being an increase of 51,000 dollars over the appropriation of the preceding year, (1850.) The Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education, represents the Common School System in a flourishing condition, and *there is no reason to doubt the correctness of this conclusion.* The Normal Schools and Teachers' Institutes are educating and preparing for labor and usefulness a large number of young men and women. We have no institution under the patronage of the State which more fully accomplishes the purposes of its foundation than the Normal School."

As our readers know, we have taken ground directly opposite to that of the Governor, and as, if our modesty did not interfere, we should suspect that the Governor's declaration was made to counteract one which we have repeatedly made, and which no one else has dared to make in regard to the defects of our Common

School System, and its inadequacy to meet the wants of society, modified as this has been by a variety of circumstances since the system was founded, it will not, we sincerely hope, be considered indecorous if we venture to make a few remarks upon the text which the Governor's Message has furnished.

If the Governor means only to say that the operation of the system compares favorably with that of former years, we shall not contend with him, for we have never denied this. And when he endorses the Secretary's assertion that the system "is in a flourishing condition," if he only means that it has not retrograded, nay, has advanced as much as in any previous year, we shall not contend, for all this may be true. But, if he means to say anything more than this, we think he fails to give a true representation of the condition of this most vital interest of the Commonwealth.

"Our own Government," and by this is meant, as the context shows, the Government of the United States, may have been preserved by the education that has prevailed in spots, but when this system is styled a "universal system," we have a right to say that half the States had no system of general education until very lately, and some whole States have no system yet, while more than a dozen are no better off than if they had no system. Besides the three millions of slaves, and the three millions of foreigners, illiterate and uneducated, that are in the country, much ignorance abounds. Virginia, with fewer whites than Massachusetts, has, by the last census, over 80,000 *adult whites*, who can neither read nor write. Of the children of school age in Massachusetts, what is the condition? We have not had the pleasure of seeing the Secretary's Report to which the Message alludes, but we have his Report for 1850, and we find in that some things not quite so satisfactory as we could wish, if we understand the Secretary's figures. He says, "the number of persons in the State, between five and fifteen years of age, is 193,232. The ratio of the mean average attendance upon the Public Schools to the whole number between 5 and 15 years of age, expressed in decimals, is .72." But of the "attendance," 18,208 were *over 15* years of age, and this circumstance does not appear to be regarded in finding the above ratio. He should have deducted the number over 15 or added it to the number between 5 and 15.

Again, the Secretary says the whole number of persons between 5 and 15 was 193,232, and the number of scholars of all ages in the Schools, in winter, was 194,403. Deduct the 18,208, who were over 15, and the 23,241 in private schools and academies, and it may be a fair question, what is the use of such statistics?

But we can arrive at an important fact even from the imperfect data of the Secretary. He says the whole number in the schools, which means, on the school record, in summer, was 176,344, and, in winter, 194,403, amounting to 370,747, while the average attendance in summer was 128,815, and, in winter, 149,609, making a total of 278,424. The difference, which gives the number of absentees, is 92,323, more than one fourth of the whole! It must be a brave system that "flourishes" under such circumstances. But this statement gives no idea of the number of children in the State who go to no school at all, and if we recollect, the Boston City Marshal, in 1849, assured us that there were 1500 vagabond children in that city alone, who never attended any school but those preparatory to the State Penitentiary. A "universal" system should embrace all these unfortunate children, of whom 1110 were arrested for crimes the last year, (1851,) and should not be mentioned with complacency till it has embraced all absentees, and all the truants whom the legislature has been trying, for two or three years, to legislate into the schools.

But ignorance is not confined to minors. The foreigners probably constitute one fifth of the inhabitants of the State, as they do nearly one half of the inhabitants of the metropolis; and the adult part of them are ignorant, and no provision is made in our boasted system for their education. We would not be captious, but we must insist upon it, that the remark of the Secretary, though endorsed by the Governor, must be taken at a large discount. The system is not "universal," as it regards the United States, and it is not universal even in Massachusetts, if by universal is meant *equal*, and a system that is not equal is unjust, and should be reformed. The reports of the Secretary authorize us to say, that, while some towns of the State have excellent schools, the larger number have bad ones, and not a small number have nothing, that, in this half of the nineteenth century, should be allowed to be called schools. In Boston, and a few other places, a boy may be fitted for any college in the country; while in nine tenths of the towns they are only *unfitted* for every thing useful and exalted. In some towns of the State the schoolhouses are nearly what schoolhouses ought to be, while in nine tenths of the districts they are nearly every thing that a place of instruction ought not to be. This the Secretary has declared, and the Governor knows, and shall we be told by both of them that "our common school system is in a flourishing condition?"

Furthermore, the Message tells us that "the Normal Schools are educating and preparing for labor and usefulness a large number of young men and women." This is literally true, and the same may be said of every incorporated Academy and

Private School in the State ; but when we are further told that "we have no institution, under the patronage of the State, which more fully accomplishes the purposes of its foundation than the Normal School," we may with reason wonder what will become of the State under such discouraging circumstances ! We are sorry to hear such a confession in regard to the Reform School, the Asylums for the Insane and Blind, the Penitentiary, &c., and, though they are all closely connected with education, we shall not enter into a particular examination of their "flourishing condition," but we must be allowed to make a remark or two on the subject of the Normal Schools.

These schools were established to prepare and furnish such teachers as were needed in our district schools, and to give such instruction as was not given in the Academies and High Schools. For several years after their establishment, they seemed to be doing what was required of them. Many excellent young men and women of competent age, intending to teach, and many of whom had already taught, entered the schools, and a goodly number were sent forth annually, and the schools began to feel an impulse, and the great mass of teachers, eight or ten thousand at the least, began to be moved. Every one who has closely watched these schools knows, that, from that time, the character of these schools has been changing and their utility diminishing so far as "the purpose of their foundation" is concerned. We do not mean that excellent and intelligent young men and women do not now enter these schools ; but we do mean, that fewer of the right sort of young men and women become pupils ; the mass of them are younger ; they are not selected with a view to their teaching-gift ; they do not all intend to teach, and these schools are becoming convenient places for young men and women, especially the latter, to finish their education and save the expense of going to Academies, at some of which they would be as well taught as at the Normal Schools. The statistics of these schools, if there were any to be relied on, would show all this ; but, in addition to our own long and close observation, we have the declarations and confessions of many whom we dare not name, and if we are in error, the facts to prove us so must be exhibited to offset ours.

It seems that the Secretary asks for more money, that he may hold Institutes in the cities, as well as in the rural districts. There can be no doubt about the utility of Institutes in the country, where the schools are chiefly taught by young men and women of little or no experience, and who do not expect or intend to continue in the profession long enough to acquire experience ; but, in the present state of the schools, it may be questionable whether, unless greatly modified, these Institutes will be of much

service in the cities. It seems to us that associations of city teachers, for the purpose of mutual instruction, would be far more useful, and these could employ lecturers and more eminent teachers than themselves, if they could find them. The State might make a grant to them for this purpose; or the cities might do it and find the money very profitably spent. As far as our observation has gone, most of the teachers that have been employed as instructors at Institutes would cut a sorry figure instructing the assembled teachers of Boston. It is well known that the teachers of cities have seldom entered the Institutes as pupils, and, until we can bring the district teachers up to their level, we may as well let them alone, or encourage them to teach each other. The Governor does not object to the Secretary's plan, but hints so hard at economy in the use of the school fund of the State, that the Secretary will probably only have the credit of the suggestion. We should be glad to have the grants to the Normal Schools and to the Institutes quadrupled at least, but before this is done, we should by all means recommend a reorganization of them and a thorough correction of the prevailing abuses.

We have thus frankly expressed our views, and, believing that they are sound, though as yet unpopular, we cannot but hope that they will be candidly weighed by the respected magistrate with whose opinions they seem to conflict.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY WHITTIER.

Jeremiah Paul was a short, round personage, with a quick, I had almost said a spiteful little grey eye, a bald head in front, and a short stiff cue behind. He was a wonderful man to look at, and his history was no less so than his person. At one period he was the village schoolmaster, a rare pedagogue and learned; being, it is said, not only familiar with Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalter, but also with such difficult mathematical problems as are comprehended in the abridgment of Pike's Arithmetic. It may be readily supposed that such a ripe and rare scholar would not be suffered to remain long in obscurity. His talents were not of an order "to blush unseen," and accordingly in his fortieth year, he was honored with the office, and enriched with the emoluments appertaining to no less a dignitary than a Justice of the Peace.

But we are getting ahead of our story, and with the readers

permission, we will go back a few years, and introduce to him the wife of Mr. Paul. She, too, was an uncommon character, a great, good-natured, handsome romp, who used to attend school on purpose, to use her own phrase, "to plague Master Jerry." And, verily she was a plague. She used to bounce in and out whenever she pleased ; she pinched the boys, inked the faces of the girls, and, finally, to such a pitch did her audacity arrive, that she even presumed to lay hands on the nicely adjusted cue of the dominie himself!

Jeremiah was leaning over his desk in a musing attitude, engaged in profound mathematical calculation, respecting the probable value of the tenant of his landlord's pig-sty, when this outrage took place. He had already placed the subject in a half dozen different attitudes before his mind's eye, and was just on the point of committing his lucubrations to the fragments of a slate, upon which his elbow was resting, when a vigorous jerk at the hairy appendage of his pericranium started him bolt upright in an instant, and drew from him a cry not unlike that of the very animal which was the subject of his scientific cogitations.

Jeremiah did not swear, for he was an exemplary and church-going pedagogue ; but his countenance actually blackened with rage and anguish, as he gazed hurriedly and sternly around him ; and the ill-suppressed laughter of his disciples added not a little to his chagrin.

"Who? who? who? I say!" He could articulate no more. He was nearly choked with passion.

"That great ugly girl there, who pinches me so," said a little raged urchin, with a dirty face.

Jeremiah confronted the fair delinquent ; but it was plain, from his manner, that he would much rather have undertaken the correction of his whole school beside, than that of the incorrigible offender in question. His interrogating glance was met by a look, in which it would have been difficult to say whether good nature or impudence predominated.

"Did you meddle with my cue?" said the dominie ; but his voice trembled ; his situation was particularly awkward.

"I—I—what do you suppose I want of your cue!" and a queer smile played along her mouth, for a pretty one she had, and, what is worse, the dominie himself thought so. Jeremiah, seeing that he was about to lose his authority, hemmed twice, shook his head at such of the rogues as were laughing immoderately at their master's perplexity, and reaching his hand to his ferule, said, "Give me your hand, miss." His heart misgave him as he spoke. The fair white hand was instantly proffered, and as gently too as that of a modern belle at a cotillion party.

Jeremiah took it ; it was a pretty hand, a very pretty hand ; and then her face, there was something in its expression which seldom failed to disarm the pedagogue's anger. He looked first at her hand, then at her face, so expressive of a roguish confidence, then at his ferule, a rude heavy instrument of torture, entirely unfit to hold companionship with the soft fair hand held in durance before him. Never, in all the annals of his birchen authority had Jeremiah Paul experienced such perplexity. He lifted his right hand two or three times, and as often withdrew it.

" You will not strike me ? " said the girl.

There was an artless confidence in these words, and the tone in which they were uttered, that went to the heart of the pedagogue. Like Mark Antony before the beautiful Cleopatra, or the fierce leader of the Volscii before his own Virginia, the dominie relented.

" If I pardon you for this offence, will you conduct yourself more prudently in future ? "

" I hope I shall," said the prudent young lady, and the master evinced his affectionate solicitude for the welfare of his pupil, by pressing the hand he had imprisoned ; and the fair owner expressed her gratitude for such condescension, by returning the pressure.

They were married just six months afterward. So much for lenity in school discipline.

SCHOOLS FOR NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

We extract the following article from the New York Sunday Times. Its correspondent has a correct view of the defect in our plans of public education, and his hints at a remedy are worthy of the deepest consideration. We have preached the same doctrine for years, but, perhaps, words from abroad will meet with more attention than ours. There is not a word of the communication that is not as applicable to Boston, and to Massachusetts, as to New York, and yet our Governor, in his late message to the legislature, says : " The report of the Secretary of the Board of Education represents the Common School System in a flourishing condition, and there is no reason to doubt the correctness of this

conclusion." We dare say these excellent men both believe this, but we do not, and the events of every week are demonstrating that whatever our Common School System may be, it is entirely inadequate to the wants of this community. The Governor is at home in Politics, and the Secretary in Theology, but we are not prepared to think them equally skilled in schools, and the wants and workings of our School System.

"HOMELESS CHILDREN—HOW TO PROVIDE FOR THEM.—All persons familiar with New York, must have observed, with pain, the great number of children, of both sexes, who follow a life of vagrancy in our midst, and are growing up in a school of vice, from which they must eventually graduate to take criminal degrees in our state prisons and penitentiaries. In our short review of the Mayor's message, in last week's paper, we referred to his suggestion that these children should be rescued from the dreadful fate which now evidently awaits them, and asked, "Who will earn the gratitude of the public and the approval of his own heart, by furnishing a practical commentary on the Mayor's text?" A correspondent has given us an answer in the shape of the annexed communication. After alluding to the difficulty of reaching the juveniles who have neither home, parents, raiment, food, nor friends, he says:

'When neither homes nor parents exist for the guidance and the shelter of the creatures to whom I allude, I would say, let the State step in and *be the one and afford them the other*. In doing this, I am aware that the freedom of the subject would be somewhat interfered with; at least, such would be the case by the plan I am about to propose. But the State must either go on permitting the growth of an enormous evil,—an evil which, one may say, saps its own vitals,—or else boldly take the matter in hand, and apply a remedy. There are, in, or on, this vast continent, large tracts of land as yet untenanted. Indeed, ages may pass away and portions of the soil remain uncultivated. On a given portion of the lands so circumstanced, I would erect buildings capable of accommodating these children with a home. Over them I would place experienced teachers,—not of mathematics, nor any other *ics*, which too frequently occupy the place of more useful instruction in our schools,—but men capable of giving them a sound *industrial* education, embracing a knowledge of husbandry in all its departments, and a knowledge of the minerals and latent resources of our country; and, as auxiliary to these, I would instruct them in a good sound elementary education. I

would suggest that the State advance support for the first year, or perhaps two years, but after that the establishment should and would support itself. There is not a county in the Union but ought to have a home of this description for its homeless and parentless children. I have here only given a rough sketch, indeed, scarcely the outline of the plan ; but there are men who will at once see the utility of it, and of course improve thereon. Who is it that cannot see the advantages to the community of such an undertaking ? These children, who are now the pests of our streets, who are daily and hourly merging deeper into vice, who, as they approach towards manhood, will become more criminal and more vicious, these children would one day pray, and offer gratulations to the carriers out of a scheme which would benefit them, both here and hereafter. Besides, look to the advantages to the community, and even *this* is worthy of consideration. I must add a word or two more to my outline. Mind you, the attendance at these industrial schools should be *compulsory*. *I would allow no alternative.* That mawkish sentimentalism about infringing on liberty, &c., &c., is, in this case, just so much sentimental moonshine, if there be such a thing. As I said before, the State must follow one of two courses ; she must either become the guardian and protector of her children, or *she must take the consequences.*"

VALUE OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

There is no office, says Channing, higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in a community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good, all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should be lavish whilst they straiten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy, which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, and impoverishes his heart.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

BY D. F. MACARTHY.

Summer is a glorious season,
 Warm, and bright and pleasant ;
 But the past is not a reason
 To despise the present.
 So while health can climb the mountain,
 And the log lights up the hall,
 There are sunny days in Winter,
 After all !

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
 Maiden-like, in charms ;
 Summer, too, with all her promise,
 Perished in our arms.
 But the memory of the vanished,
 Whom our hearts recall,
 Maketh sunny days in Winter,
 After all !

True, there 's scarce a flower that bloometh,
 All the best are dead ;
 But the wall-flower still perfumeth
 Yonder garden bed,
 And the lily-flowered arbutus
 Hugs its coral ball —
 There are sunny days in Winter,
 After all !

Summer trees are pretty — very,
 And I love them well ;
 But this holly's glistening berry
 None of those excel.
 While the fir can warm the landscape,
 And the ivy clothes the wall,
 There are sunny days in Winter,
 After all !

Sunny hours in every season
 Wait the innocent,—
 Those who taste with love and reason
 What their God hath sent.
 Those who neither soar too highly,
 Nor too lowly fall,
 Feel the sunny days of Winter,
 After all !

Then, although our darling treasures
 Vanish from the heart ;
 Then, although our once-loved pleasures
 One by one depart ;
 Though the tomb loom in the distance,
 And the mourning pall,—
 There is sunshine, and no Winter,
 After all !

Dublin University Magazine.

IMMIGRATION.—A DIALOGUE.

[Written for this Journal.]

Characters,—Michael and Patrick. Scene, in Ireland.

M.—Well, Patrick, you have been to Ameriky, they tell me ; and how do you like the countrhy ?

P.—Sure you ax two questions in one, and nyther yis nor no will fit both on 'em. Will you just be afther axing one at a time, now, and do n't bother me.

M.—Botheration ! can 't you answer them one afther the t' other as I axed them ? Which was the first ? Sure was n't it whether you had been to Ameriky, and how you liked the countrhy ?

P.—Faith, it 's an Aden of a place, that, Michael.

M.—Sure you do n't mane that they go naked like bastes, and live out of doors for want of housen, as Adam and Ave did !

P.—By no manes, Michael ; they build houses on purpose for us, and the poorer we are, the more sure we are of getting intil the great house, Michael.

M.—Do they fade you too ?

P.—Indade they do, Michael, and clothe us intil the bargain. They understand the matther intirely, do they.

M.—Do they work you hard, Patrick ?

P.—Not at all. Do n't they do all the work theyselves for the sake of intertaining us.

M.—Sure they make you do something for the intertainment !

P.—Sure you 're a blockhead. They 're so glad to resave us that they make no charges at all at all.

M.—Tell me the whole thruth now, Patsy dear, and do n't de-save your own flesh and blood.

P.—Howld your prate then, and mind what I 'm afther telling you. The very moment our vessel landed, and long before, a gentleman came on board, and made the most tinder inquiries

afther our health and circumstances. You niver in your born days heerd so kind a gentleman.

M.—May the Virgin bless him, and all the like of him.

P.—Have you any money? says he, amiable-like to Kitty O'Jarnegan. Not a blessed ha'penny, your honor, says Kitty, says she. How is your health? says he again, as tinder-like as her own mither could ha' pit the question. I'm vary sick, your honor, says Kitty, as lady like as a quane. You must go to the hospittle and be cared for, says he. If you honor plases, says Kitty, says she; and he helped her intil his coach, that stood in waiting, like a gentleman as he is.

M.—You don't mane that she rid for nothing, Patsy. Now do n't desave us with any of your blarney.

P.—No blarney but the thruth, Michael, and, when it comed my turn to be introduced to the gentleman, he axed me the same questions only different, you see. What is your name? says he. Patrick McCarroty, says I, of Killingo, your honor. Have you any money, says he, not at all imperthinent nyther. Devil a ha'penny, says I,—in my pocket.

M.—But you had money, Patrick, a dale of it. Did n't you sell your cow and all your furniture afore you went.

P.—To be sure I had the money, but not in my pocket, Michael. You see none but them as have no money are allowed to ride in the coach, be they. How is your health? says the gentleman, says he. Bad, indade, says I, and I gave one or two coughs, you see, like as Kitty did. You must go to the hospittle, says he. God bless your honor, and all your childer, says I. Step intil the carriage, says he, as he held open the door, did he. Sure and I will, with God's help, says I, as if I was sick like and wake, you undherstand.

M.—By the Virgin, you did n't chate him so asy, Patsy, did you?

P.—Well, Miky, to make a short story long, we rid to the hospittle, and a palace of a building it was, and no disparagement to any countrhy sate in owld Ireland, nyther. And there we lived like pigs in clover, only they bothered us with what they called soap and wather, ofthener than was convanient, and they would n't allow us to kape a soul of a flay about us, which did n't seem altogether natheral, you know, Michael.

M.—What did they give you to ate, Patsy dear?

P.—Sure did n't they give us mate in abundance, and the besth of it too. Did n't I ate more mate there in a week than the Squire of Ballarney himself ates in a year?

M.—And they let you live so for nothing, and kape all your money.

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P.—To be sure they did. And when we got well did n't they promote us to another beautiful building,* close by, that was crowded with the like of us?

M.—What did you do there?

P.—Ate and dhrink too, Miky, and not a blessed thing besides. All the inmates, as they call the company, are trated like gentleman and ladies, and out of respect to them, to save their faleings, you undherstand, because idleness is no recommendation in that countrry, the palace is called the House of Industhry, though the devil a bit of work they do but slape or sit still in it.

M.—I 'll go right away, will I. But this blessed minute I remmber that I have n't a ha'penny in my pockets, nor out of 'em nyther. Sure do n't I wish there was a long bridge from 'Meriky to owld Ireland, that that blessed coach, and the gentleman behind it, might come all the way here, and take us over for nothing!

APPLICATION.—You will learn, Clarence, when the autumn has rounded your hopeful summer, if not before, that there is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men, that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration as it were, grow out of a sad mistake. And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application. Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods, and a thought of some great names will flash like a spark into the mine of your purposes; you dream till midnight over your books; you set up shadows, and chase them down,—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the “scent lie well,” in the hunt after distinction, but LABOR.—*Mitchell's Dream Life.*

To the indolent all work is hard, to the industrious even hard work is easy. The running water wears away the rock, but the pool would rather be dried up than run.

* Pictures of the Hospital, House of Industry, and other buildings prepared for paupers by the City of Boston, are displayed by Emigrant agents in Liverpool, and elsewhere, as inducements for the poor creatures to come over. One letter spoke of the almshouse wagon, as a beautiful carriage kept entirely at the service of the inmates.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

We hope Teachers and other friends of education, do not intend to let another winter pass without furnishing every child with sufficient knowledge to enable him or her to know the essential rules of health. If they do not find our Diagrams and Key the best means of instruction, as well as the cheapest, we hope they will not omit the study, but patronize some other author.

"It is well known that physical qualities are hereditary. Disease and weakness descend from parent to offspring by a law of nature, as names descend by a law of custom. God still ordains that the bodily iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children of the third and fourth generation. When we look backward and see how the number of our ancestors is doubled at each remove in the ascending scale, it affrights us to reflect how many confluent streams from vicious fountains may have been poured into the physical system of a single individual. Where, for many generations, this horrid entailment of maladies has not been broken by a single obedient and virtuous life, who can conceive of the animal debasements and depravities that may centre in a single person. At every descent, the worst may become more worse ; and the possible series of deterioration is infinite. *Before the human race, or any part of it, becomes more diseased, or physically more vile, is it not time to arrest and restore?* This can only be done through education, or through miracles ; and it would require more than three hundred and sixty-five miracles each year, to preserve health and strength under our present vicious social habits. Those who do not expect the intervention of miracles, are false to their families, to the community and to God, if they do not urge forward the work of Physical Education as the only means of rescuing the race from an infinity of sicknesses, weaknesses and pains. Public schools are the only instrumentality for inculcating upon the community at large a knowledge of the great laws of Health and Life." — *Mann.*

To resist nature is to struggle against God.—*Lactantius.* And yet nature must be resisted, or it runs to excess. "I am following my instincts," said the debauchee. "No, they are driving you," said a hearer.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

Amid the blue and starry sky,
A group of Hours one even
Met, as they took their upward flight
Into the highest heaven.

They all were merry Childhood's Hours,
That just had left the earth,
Winging their way above the world
That gave to them their birth.

And they were going up to Heaven,
With all that had been done
By little children, good or bad,
Since the last rising sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,
Some drooped like faded flowers,
And sadly soared to tell the tale,
That they were *mis-spent* Hours.

Some glowed with rosy hopes and smiles,
And some had many a tear,
Others had unkind words and acts
To carry upward there.

A shining Hour, with golden plumes,
Was laden with a deed
Of generous sacrifice, a child
Had done for one in need.

And one was bearing up a prayer
A little child had said,
All full of penitence and love,
While kneeling by his bed.

And thus they glided on, and gave
Their records dark and bright
To Him, who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.

Remember, children of the Earth,
Each Hour is on its way,
Bearing its own report to Heaven,
Of all you do and say.

The confession of a defect is often made a substitute for the correction of it.

TO PUBLISHERS AND TEACHERS.

We propose, on and after the 15th of February, to print at least eight pages of Advertisements with every number of the Journal. This will not increase the postage to our subscribers, but may be of advantage to them by keeping them acquainted with such Books, Apparatus and other matters as appertain to education.

As we have no interest in any books, we invite all publishers to advertise, it being understood that we are not responsible for any book advertised by others, unless we say so. Our Journal goes into every State, and we calculate to circulate 2000 copies of every number where they will be read by those most interested in schools.

To Proprietors and Teachers of Schools and Academies, our sheet will present an excellent opportunity for making their institutions known.

To Teachers in want of Schools, and persons in want of Teachers, the sheet may open a fine chance for the expression of their wants. They must state what these are as definitely as possible, and we will do what our knowledge and experience may suggest to aid them.

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WM. B. FOWLE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

West Newton, Mass.

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